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WOMAN'S WORK

FOR

WOMAN.

VOLUME V.

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church,
1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest,
Room 48, McCormick's Block, Chicago.

Mission House, 23 Centre Street, New York.

PRESS OF HENRY B. ASHMEAD,
Nos. 1102 and 1104 Sansom St.

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Woman's Work for Woman.

Vol. V. SEPTEMBER, 1875. No. 7.

Abroad.

KOLAPOOR.

"In order to love human things, it is necessary to know them," and hoping to awaken a more intelligent interest in our great and ever-widening work, we propose to give our readers, from time to time, a brief sketch of each of our mission stations; and as an aid to this more intelligent interest, we would recommend the little Missionary Atlas, which has been prepared for our own use, and which, for ten cents, can be obtained at 1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

The missions of our Board in India are three, viz., Lodiana, Furrukhabad and Kolapoor. If you will consult the map of India, you will discover in the northwest of the peninsula the Lodiana mission, embracing Rawal Pindi, Lahore, Sabathu, Lodiana, Ambala, Dehra and Saharanpur; in the northern central

part, the Furrukhabad mission, embracing Furrukhabad, Futtehgurh, Mynpurie, Etawah, Gwalior and Allahabad; and, in the southwestern portion, Kolapoor, embracing Kolapoor, Ratnagiri and Panalla.

The Kolapoor field is divided into two parts by the Ghäts, a range of mountains running nearly parallel with the coast, and from 40 to 50 miles from it. In the Deccan, the part east of the Ghäts, with an area of 8000 square miles, and a population of 2,500,000, we have the Kolapoor State, whose capital is the city of Kolapoor.

In the Concan, or that portion between the Ghäts and the sea, with an area of over 2000 square miles, and a population of over 1,500,000, Ratnagiri, our sea-port station, about 70 miles from Kolapoor, is situated; and, on the hills, about 3000 feet above the level of the sea and 12 miles from Kolapoor, we find the health station, Panalla, with a native population of about 3000.

In this one field of the Kolapoor Mission, we have a population of more than 4,000,000, nearly all of whom look to our Presbyterian Church alone for a knowledge of the way of life. This mission of Kolapoor was begun by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in 1852, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilder removed from Ahmednuggar and entered upon their work there under the auspices of that Board.

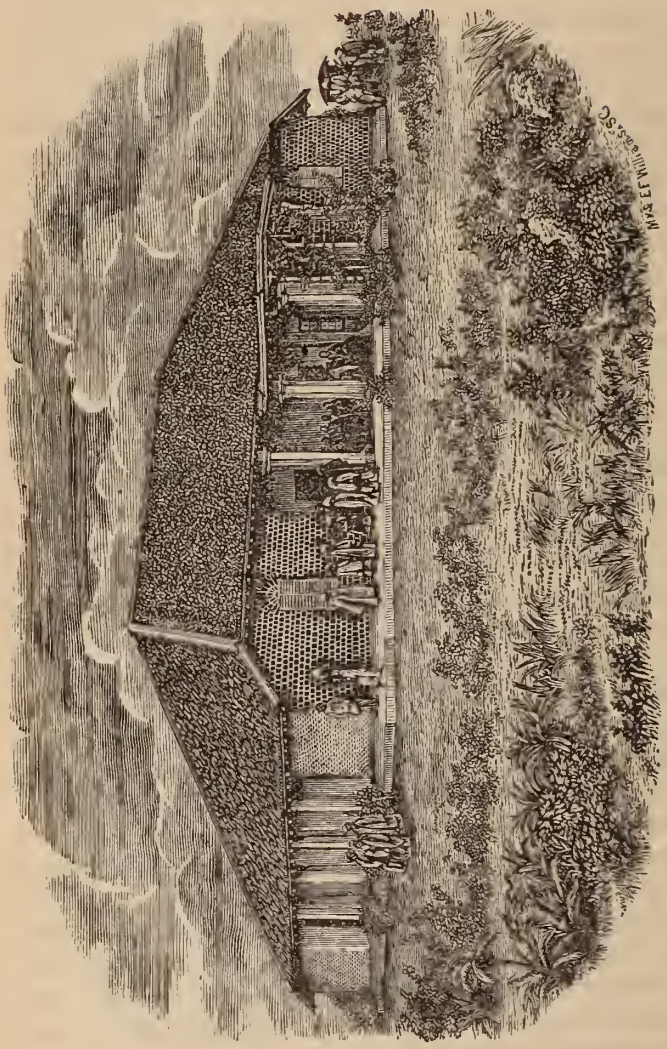
In 1859 the mission was relinquished by the American Board, Mr. and Mrs. Wilder having returned to this country in broken health; but, unable to separate themselves from a people whose deep spiritual destitution enlisted their whole hearts, they returned in 1861, single-handed, to their work, and in 1870 were taken up by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. In 1871 Mrs. Wilder was added to our own list of missionary ladies, and adopted by the Aid Society of Bridgeton, N. J. The toils of some thirty years have so told upon these dear apostles to the heathen, that again they have come home to find health both for themselves and their children, hoping to return to the work so dear to their hearts.

In the success which now marks the work in Kolapoor, we see how patient love can win its way even against the intense bigotry

of Hinduism in which these people were intrenched. Hard as it was to overcome their prejudices at the outset, the schools of the mission at length won favor from the people, and even from those in power. Children from the palace attended them, the people became aroused by them to the benefits of education, and the government enlisted in the work to such an extent that, taking a population of 1,000,000 idolators around the city of Kolapoor, as a centre, among whom there were only about 100 boys (no girls) in school, twenty-three years ago, in the same population are *now* more than 5000 boys in the different schools.

The girls' school of the mission has imparted a Christian education to hundreds of Hindu girls, some of whom have been hopefully converted and are now Christian workers in the mission. It awakened a spirit of emulation which has resulted in the establishment of a girls' school of a hundred pupils in the palace itself, under the patronage of the queen, and also of flourishing girls' schools in many neighboring villages. The one primary and boys' school of twenty-three years ago has developed into a high collegiate school of more than 300 pupils, a good number of whom enter the Bombay University every year. For this school the *Kolapoor government and chiefs* have just erected a building at an expense of 350,000 rupees ($175,000), and the change that has come over the people of Kolapoor is somewhat indicated by the fact that, though twenty-three years ago thousands of them united in an earnest petition to the Bombay Government, praying that the missionary might be banished from their capital and kingdom, now they invite one of our missionaries to give the first opening lecture for this new and costly educational hall, and a crowded audience listen most attentively to an earnest exhibition of the *Christian evidences*. Mrs. Wilder's school (of 60 girls the past year), in her absence, comes under the watchful care of Mrs. Hull, of whose warm interest in the work and facility in acquiring the Marathi language, we have most cheering accounts. The frequent visits of Mrs. Wilder to the native women at their own homes have been attended with most encouraging results.

In Kolapoor, Mr. Wilder's church numbers in all, 48 native



communicants and 22 baptized children. Four young men are studying for the ministry under the care of the Presbytery of Kolapoor, one of whom has just been licensed to preach; and Christian marriages, and intelligent Christian families are telling, as nothing else can tell, of the progress of the gospel of peace and love.

In addition to the comfortable new house built for the dear workers at Kolapoor, our society has purchased a building at the hill station of Panalla. This new station has for centuries been the strongest fortress in the kingdom and its political capital, and was formerly the central point of the darkest rites of Hinduism. Surely the morning light is breaking, when, in the palace of the old Queen Jeejibee, who was famous for her atrocities in offering human victims of her own sex to Karle, there is now a flourishing girls' school of one hundred pupils, all of the highest caste, and visited and examined by the present queen, herself reading fluently both the Marathi and the English.

Our missionaries in this field are Mrs. Wilder, Mrs. Graham, and Mrs. Hull at Kolapoor, and Mrs. Barker at Ratnagiri. The work begun at Panalla by Mr. and Mrs. Wilder in March, 1874, an interesting item of which was the personal visitation of the women in fifty houses by Mrs. Wilder, was suspended during the rainy season, but the interest awakened has continued, and Mr. Seiler, now in charge of that station, reports some fifteen hopeful conversions, of whom several are already asking Christian baptism. Surely there is much in this mission to encourage our best hopes and most earnest prayers.

The picture gives a good front view of the new house at Kolapoor which was built by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. It stands on high ground, overlooking a pleasant part of the Panchaganga valley and the old hill fort, Panalla. From the west end is a fine view of the city of Kolapoor, standing on the banks of the river, surrounded by gardens, and tall old trees. There is a large space around the house. Some of the school-girls and native Christians are on the verandah. The bullock *gàri* at the right is a most comfortable conveyance.

INDIA.—Woodstock.

Miss A. E. Scott.

. . . I CANNOT express to you how cheering the letters from the dear "home land" are to those who are busy and often discouraged on the field. And oh, what unspeakable comfort and help your prayers are! If I have at all been enabled to fill the responsible position I now occupy, it is because so many have remembered me in their prayers, and because I have been cast so entirely upon that strong arm which is able to sustain me. Dear friends, do continue to remember Woodstock often in your prayers, and also her who has been called to its head. In much weakness and with great shrinking I began my work here nearly two months ago, and must acknowledge that I have been wonderfully sustained, and that things do not look so difficult as they did at first. . . .

Mr. Herron receives all the payments from bills, &c. I only keep account of money expended in the daily wants of the table, wages, &c. I have also a good deal of correspondence to attend to, answering of notes, &c., for people write always instead of sending messages in this country, and this takes a good deal of time. I have four assistants; one is an English lady, who teaches the higher classes (none of the pupils are far advanced—much behind our girls at home), and Miss Amy Campbell keeps order in the school-room and teaches some of the middle and lower classes. We have a very excellent music teacher, who also teaches French, and her assistant, a young lady, who teaches some of the little girls in a few studies. I have only a few classes myself, besides the drawing; but upon me rests the management of the work in all departments. We have thirty-four boarding pupils and nine day scholars (five of whom are the three Calderwoods and the two Kelloggs). Some of the girls are a great comfort to me. The cabinet-organ which was presented to Woodstock by a dear American friend, is a very fine one and gives us much pleasure. We sing a good number of our American hymns.

May 12th.—I wish all the dear friends who have taken such a deep interest in Woodstock could for a little time be transported

across oceans to see our mountain home. More ready pens than mine have already told you how beautiful our situation is, and what a nice, cheerful house we have. When the clouds part we have a charming picture of the Doon before us, and very rarely we can catch a glimpse of the plains beyond the Sewalic range of hills. All around us are high mountains. For two months past we have lived with open doors, and yet have worn warm clothing. The thermometer never rises much above seventy during the middle of the day in the house, and we do not have the cool mornings and evenings which are so common in our American climate. In a month, however, the rains will be upon us, and from all accounts the rain and dense fogs will be very unpleasant. Four or five months of rain, think of it! People in the plains are looking forward to the rains with longing, for this has been an extremely hot season. The cholera has prevailed in some places. A number of the girls at Dehra were very ill, but no deaths have occurred in the house (one day scholar died), and all the sick ones are recovering. Mr. Kellogg kindly comes down on Sabbath mornings and conducts a service for us, which we enjoy very much. It is such a difficult matter to take so many girls to church (we have to go quite a distance in *dandies*, which are carried on men's shoulders), that we are able to go only once a day. We have the privilege of attending a union church, where we hear good evangelical preaching.

. . . Let me add that we should be very glad to receive a selection of books for Sunday reading. Some of our good papers would also be very acceptable I find it difficult sometimes to supply enough for all these thirty-three girls. Miss Craig has kindly sent up some of her papers from Dehra.

Now, perhaps, as so much has been done for Woodstock, I ought not to ask for anything more; but when I think of the quantity of books and papers which most people at home have the privilege of reading, I say to myself, "some one may be glad to send us of her abundance." They would do very well after having been read at home. Such books as Dr. Newton's Sermons to Children would be acceptable.

SIAM.—Petchaburi.

Miss M. L. Cort.

Dear "Woman's Work:"—It makes no difference what is thought of you in America by a few careless, cold-hearted Christians, be assured that on this side of the sea you are appreciated. Why, last evening, when the latest number reached us, and we opened it, reading from page to page the pleasant letters from missionaries, many of whom we knew personally, it seemed almost as good as though we had received letters direct from them all. From San Francisco, from Japan, from China, from Beirût, the good words come, filling our hearts with encouragement and hope for it helps us much to hear of God's blessing in other lands.

And we were glad to hear that the Laos were soon to have the printed Bible. They are our next-door neighbors on the north. Who dare say that the women of America cannot help, cannot do! I have heard from those who *ought to know better*, that the "Ladies' Missionary Societies" were not really doing any good; they were only diverting into a new channel what formerly found its way into the Board's treasury through the hands of the men. Many of us know better, and if on account of the ladies' liberality some men withhold their gifts, let the blame rest where it belongs.

"Be not weary in well-doing!" Your little book is prepared with labor and prayer, and God will not let it be fruitless. I verily believe if it had not been for the careful reading of *Woman's Work*, during the past two years of my life, I would not now be in Siam, because it fostered into action the thoughts that had lain in my heart for years It has many more such missions to accomplish. Oh, that it might touch with its living words, many hearts that are almost ready to consecrate themselves to the work of missions! I had no idea how many reapers were needed in these Eastern lands till I looked out over the harvest fields myself, and saw everywhere Satan busy with his myriad reapers, while here and there a few faithful souls *gleaning* a little for Christ. "Things

ought not so to be." *We* should be the myriad reapers, with Satan gleaning only here and there a tare. O heart that ponders, waiting, hesitate no longer! There is so much of God's work to be done in the world *to-day*, and if you will not help to do it, neither will you help sing the "harvest home," when the golden grain is all gathered into the heavenly garner.

I heard some one say that, during Mr. and Mrs. McGilvary's stay in America they never heard any thing sung but "From Greenland's icy mountains." That is a very good hymn; the fact is, it is a grand old hymn, but by ceaseless repetition even the best of all good things grow monotonous, and I would suggest that all churches which have the least prospect of ever holding a missionary meeting, send for copies of "Missionary Hymns," and especially that societies which have such a hard time to keep up an interest do the same. There is a mighty power in song. We know how it helped in the war years ago, and in the late temperance crusade, and how it helps in all good church meetings and Sabbath-schools. It will exert a like influence in behalf of missions, if properly employed. Ladies, send for "Missionary Hymns," and when you get them, *meet together and sing them!* Just before I left home I had the pleasure of attending, for the first time in my life, a "ladies' missionary meeting." It was very good in many respects. Though the attendance was but a small part of the lady members of the church, yet their meetings had been regular and their contributions liberal. But it lacked that earnestness of life and spirit, that personal interest of each member, which alone secures the greatest blessing. Shall I tell you the secret of it all? They were ignorant of the very work they were trying to do. They asked me many questions about the foreign work that I could not answer them, and I said to them, "Have you no missionary of your own?"

"Yes, we help to support one."

"Well, does she never write to you?" said I, in a surprised tone.

"No," said they, equally surprised, seemingly, at the bare idea of ever getting a letter from a "*live missionary.*"

I continued my questioning. "Have you ever written to her?"

"No," replied a chorus of voices.

"Where is she?" said I.

"I *t-h-i-n-k* she is in Peking," answered some one doubtfully.

For my part, I was glad she wasn't "*peeking*" just then, or listening either, poor thing! especially after my next question.

"What is her name?"

There was a dead silence. No one spoke, for no one knew; and actually they could not tell me, till after they had hunted up her photograph and found her name written across its back.

I ask my sisters in America, if a photograph, with a name and address written on its back, is, in itself, enough to keep up an interest in a society? I think not, and I mildly hinted as much before the foregoing conversation was ended, telling them that, *perhaps*, if they wrote to their missionary, *perhaps*, she would write to them. *Perhaps*, they could find out all they wanted to know, and, *perhaps*, if they knew their missionary, they would love her more, and take a deeper, more heartfelt interest in the work than they had ever done before. I said "perhaps" to them, but I do not say it to you, dear reader, because I know it to be true. There is no "perhaps" about it. How can you care for one to whom you never write; of whom you never hear? How can you love one another, never having seen nor heard?

Some secretaries seldom write to their missionary, except it be to remind them, that the last "long and interesting" letter that they *expected* for the quarterly meeting failed to arrive, and to hope that it might not occur again. I hope so, too, for I think we ought all to do our best; but I hope also that they will do the same. I am glad I cannot say a word against my secretary, for I believe she is the best one in America; and her good, long letters, so full of sweet, sisterly interest and love, cheer and gladden my heart, as did the olive branch brought by the dove over the waste of waters to the flood-bound Noah. I love to write to her, and one envelope will hardly hold the pages I send, and yet I never can tell her all. May there be many more like her, that other hearts may sing little thanksgiving hymns as mine does, at thought of her, to-night!

At Home.

TO THOSE WHO WANT ROUSING.

My Dear Sisters:—A few weeks ago I received a letter containing these sentences: "I wish our hearts could be stirred up to some due sense of the demands of the heathen upon us, as you who are surrounded by them see and feel it." "Please write something to us to rouse our waning zeal." We receive similar requests, frequently, from many different places, and strong appeals, occasionally, from our secretaries, to help them supply the demand for something to "arouse the waning zeal" of the church. The touching and stirring account of the conversion of Jim, given in the *Foreign Missionary* a few years ago, by Mrs. Lloyd of the Zulu mission, was pointed out to us as a sample of the good that could be done by well written accounts of the incidents we meet with in our work. Now there is not one of us who would not be thankful and inexpressibly gratified—and perhaps, He who knows our hearts best sees that to be truthful we must add, mightily elated—to send such an account by every mail *if we only had it to send.* Possibly there are Nebuchadnezzars at home too, who would, in such a case, take pride in this great Babylon "which we had builded." But, whatever may be the reason, there are very few such stories to write. Missionary work is much like preaching and teaching at home. It has its ups and downs, and more of the downs than the ups.

Some souls are growing in grace, and some are coming into the church, and some have gone home to glory. Good is being done all the time, yet we sigh more than we rejoice. When the ten lepers were cleansed one turned back to give thanks, but Christ sighed for the nine. The man in the parable rejoiced more over the one sheep recovered than over the ninety and nine that went not astray; but if the hundred had all gone astray and he had found one, I think he would have forgotten it in sorrow for the ninety

and nine. So it is with us. We almost forget the few tens that are saved among the tens of thousands who are going down to death. Then we find many, who, like the Galatians "run well for a time," and our rejoicing on their account is turned into mourning; we soon learn to rejoice with trembling, and fear to tell our joy lest it turn into mourning. Sometimes we do, like David, number the people, and, like David, we have to mourn our folly.

This work taxes not only our minds and our bodies but our hearts, and that all the time, and, as I said before, we walk more in the valleys than on the mountain tops It is hard for the stream to rise above the fountain. It is hard for the extremities to be warmer than the heart. It is hard for the picket guards to be more enthusiastic than the army. You at home are the fountain; we are the stream. You are the heart; we are the extremities. You are the army; we are the pickets. Can you expect the pickets to sustain the zeal of the army?

We are almost cut off from the Christian and civilized world. Our friends become absorbed in their new interests and cares and friendships, and, one by one, forget us till the mail almost ceases to bring us any but mothers' letters and business letters. By and bye the mothers close their dim eyes and fold their trembling hands in their long sleep while we are far away, and so almost the last link is broken that binds us to a Christian land. Appeals come to us for information. The church has a right to know what we are doing and what are the results. We are watchmen as well as workmen. We answer as fully as time will allow, but there comes no response. A Sunday-school or society offers to support a child in a school, and wishes "frequent and regular letters to keep up the interest." We write our regular letter, they send their regular contribution, but there comes with it no word of sympathy or cheer. All is silent as the grave. Does our zeal never wane? Does our interest never flag? Do our hearts never faint? Are we in no danger of growing weary in well doing? Who writes letters to "rouse our waning zeal"? Who cheers our drooping spirits? In Christian lands, full of Bibles, and churches,

and Sunday-schools, where there are thousands of praying men and women, and the whole atmosphere is Christian, we sing,

"Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help us on to God?"

What then must the heathen world be?

You must not think it is the native Christians alone who are affected by the heathenism about us. It tries the graces of the best and strongest of us. Here are a score of missionaries, men and women, and five or six hundred native Christians scattered about over this province, here one, there one, there two or three, in a few favored spots ten or twelve in one neighborhood, mixed in with the millions of heathen. How can these few rushlights illuminate this dense darkness? Much less can they shine out to light and stimulate those who live in the brightness of the gospel day. Is not the wonder rather that they are not quenched in the darkness?

My dear sisters, the conversion of the world is not a job to be finished up in a year or two by a "spurt" now and then, when some extra excitement stirs up our enthusiasm. It is a *stupendous work* that will require the concentrated and consecrated energies of all who love the Lord Jesus of every name and nation, and for many long years to come. The only way to accomplish it is for the whole church to take up the work in obedience to our Lord's command, with a just estimate of its immensity, and with a strong determination on the part of each member to work on till we fall at our post. There is "no discharge in this warfare," and it will not be ended in our day. A geography will be the best help to a just estimate of its immensity; and the Bible, the only help to a just estimate of its difficulty and importance, because that alone reveals to us the depravity of the human heart and the value of souls. When our zeal wanes, let us renew it in our closets. When our courage fails, let us strengthen ourselves in the Lord our God. When our labors seem fruitless, let us go to the sure promises. When we are tempted to despair by the ingratitude, opposition, and hatred of those to whom we are giving our money, our labors,

and our lives, let us look unto Jesus our great Example, and endure, as He did, unto the end, for the joy that is set before us.

We will try to tell you all the stirring facts the Lord gives us, and give you all the information our time and strength will allow (and I am sure you do not wish us either to neglect our direct work for the heathen, or to overtax our strength to tell you what we are doing), but do not depend upon us for a motive, nor for the measure of your zeal and consecration. No motive but a loving obedience to Christ will sustain either you or us to the end of this mighty work. May the whole church, in all lands, be soon brought up to the requisite degree of faith and consecration!

Your sister in Christ,

J. B. M.

SUBJECT FOR PRAYER.

THE Executive Committee, meeting weekly at 1334 Chestnut street, feel a peculiar burden resting upon them in the planning and appropriation of work for the present year. They have sent forth a circular stating the position and needs of this work, and asking for cordial co-operation in meeting fully its demands just at this time. They now earnestly ask that for the month of September, in the hour set apart on Sabbath afternoon for prayer on behalf of this cause, the following may be the especial subjects of the petitions offered: That wisdom may be given to them in the arrangement and guidance of the labors of all those engaged with them in this work; that they may take no step without first looking to the Master for indication of His will; that they and all their fellow-laborers may be enabled to do their part this year from the high, pure motive of love to Christ, and with absolute devotion of their efforts and their substance to Him, to be used wherever He has need of them; that none of us may ever put lower and secondary considerations, such as having credit with our fellow-men, or having our money go to a particular point in the great field, before the great blessed purpose to lay *all* upon God's altar, in humble, loving faith that it will be accepted through Jesus Christ our Lord.

FAITH.

BY J. C. T.

Sweet faith of childhood, when the clinging fingers
Clasp every roughened palm,
And eye, with glance confiding, often lingers
On brow of guilty calm!

Sweet faith! but sweeter far the trust and gladness
Born 'mid earth's thickest strife,
When over all our sin and care and sadness
Dawn light and endless life!

Then when our weary feet are bruised and bleeding
From treading devious ways,—
And eyes, the page of human weakness reading,
Grow tearful as they gaze;

When powerless falls the arm on which we rested,
And lips of love are stilled;
When hope is fled, and earthly fountains, tested,
With bitter drops seem filled;—

Oh, then to feel the arms of Christ enfolding!
His words of comfort hear!
And evermore to trust to His upholding,
Nor ever faint or fear!

Then once again a child, our heart rejoices,
Blest in unfathomed love;
And o'er life's path the song of angel voices
Floats from the home above!

Miss Thiedi writes from Lahore, India: "Please pray for our dear zenana *bibis* (ladies). Some of our best scholars have been led astray by the Brahmo Somaj doctrines of their husbands, and feel unhappy about it themselves. These doctrines containing so much of the morality of Christianity—yet altogether Christless—find many believers among the educated Hindus, and are leading them from idolatry only to a trust in their own, weak, corrupt hearts. How should such an appeal as this arouse us to sustain in every possible way, those who are teaching 'Jesus Christ and Him crucified'! Let us pray earnestly for the zenana women, as well as send teachers to them!"

CONCERNING MONEY.

One of our missionaries wrote recently to us on this wise: "I wish you could make the different bands and societies understand in some way that their contributions for the children *are not sent to us as such.* We have so often got letters, from superintendents of Sabbath-schools, from teachers of classes, &c., saying, 'We have paid in such and such a sum; please acknowledge the receipt of it, and tell us for how long it will pay;' or 'How much is still due from our school for our little girl?' or 'Did you get the dollar extra we sent for a photograph?' It is only through the list of contributions found in your *Woman's Work* and in the *Foreign Missionary*, that we know who are paying for the support of children, or how much they pay."

Now, dear superintendents, teachers, and children, please give good heed unto, mark and most inwardly digest what we are going to tell you on this subject, in order that you may never again fall into the error here indicated.

Your band or society has taken a child in —— school, to support, at $50 a year. You pay your money annually, semi-annually, or quarterly, as the case may be. You are one organization among, perhaps, twenty or thirty who are sending their money to the same school for the support of children there. What becomes of your money after it is paid in to our treasury, and the receipt for it is in your hands? You do not for a moment imagine, if you give the matter any thought, that your $50 is sent to the teacher of that school in India or China, as a separate sum, for which she can give a receipt, and a separate account of which she must keep from the time of one remittance to another. You will see the impossibility of such labor being imposed upon any of our missionary teachers, if indeed in other aspects any such plan were practicable.

Let us tell you in a few words how the matter is really managed. The Board of Foreign Missions in New York, with which our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society is connected, allows in its appropriations for the year, a certain sum for this school. We undertake to raise a part or the whole of that sum, by giving out scholarships, to societies and bands, for such an amount as will to

the extent assumed support the school. These scholarships are filled by scholars, whose names are usually sent yearly to us, and with whom correspondence is in many cases held by those supporting them, either directly or through their teachers. But the money when paid over to us, goes, with the designation of object for which it is given, to the Treasurer of the Board in New York, to be included by him in the funds sent to that mission for that school.

The teacher of the school or the missionary of the station knows nothing of the time, manner, or amount of payment by any society or band at home. All she knows is, that such and such organizations contribute to the support of the school, by scholarships or individual scholars—but she has nothing whatever to do with receiving or acknowledging the funds thus contributed. If she keeps the list of such contributors, and gives them information regarding the school or their particular scholars, once or twice a year, she does all that should in reason be expected of her.

And here is another point which we would like to have remembered, when impatient thoughts arise, and then indifference creeps in, because you have not had anything very interesting about Raheel, or Botee, or Omapa for a good while. Of how many of the children from eight to fourteen years old in an ordinary public or private school here, could very interesting letters be written once or twice a year? And how would it be, if the teacher had to sit down and write something lively and stirring about every one of them to somebody? Would it not be a temptation to an imaginative mind to draw on the fancy a little for graphic touches? Our missionaries are faithful in this respect, and do their very best honestly to interest and inform their fellow-laborers at home, but do not—*do not* let us ask of them what, with all our greater advantages and less absorbed lives, we could not ourselves accomplish. The same that has been said of schools and scholars will apply also to missionaries and their supporters. And let us follow our contributions to this cause, not so much with eager interest to see just where they go, and to hear from those receiving them, as with earnest prayers that they may be blessed and multiplied by

the Master, and may do good work for Him. Let us get far above and beyond the child or the school to which our money is given, up to the Lord who "sits over against the treasury," and sees the *hearts* of those who give.

A WORD TO TREASURERS OF AUXILIARY SOCIETIES

At the risk of seeming repetitions, we beg the careful attention of Treasurers and all persons who send money to our society, to the following hints. We would not reiterate these suggestions did not the neglect of them in our correspondents cause almost daily embarrassment to our Treasurer.

In the first place, date your letters, give the name of post office and state, and the name *in full* of the auxiliary society sending the money, telling also to what Presbytery your church belongs. Letters containing remittances often come to us with not one of these necessary particulars mentioned, and unless the postmaster has been kind enough to put his mark distinctly on the outside, we are naturally at a loss to know whom to credit with the amount enclosed.

Secondly. Send money by draft or post office order. If neither of these can be conveniently obtained, enclose the money in a letter, and have it registered, which can be done at any post office in the United States. Make drafts and checks payable to the order of "Mrs. J. M. Fishburn, *Treasurer.*" Try if possible to have a regular time for sending your money. If you are supporting a missionary, and paying the full salary, remit quarterly or semi-annually, as it may be convenient. If a Bible-reader, or child in a mission school, not oftener than semi-annually. Societies raising not over $20 or $30, had better send their money only once a year.

Thirdly. State the special object, if there be one, to which your money is devoted. Do not be satisfied with saying, "We send our money for the same purpose we did last year." Did it ever occur to you how much trouble the hunting out of your last year's appropriation might give to the Treasurer? While to you, who

know just what you are working for, it gives only the trouble of writing a few additional words.

Lastly. Sign your own name in full, *Mrs.* or *Miss*, so that we may know how to address you.

WOMAN'S WORK TO MISSIONARIES.

SINCE the issue of our July number, the International Postal Treaty has gone into operation, and materially diminished the expense of sending the magazine to foreign countries. The postage now on a single copy of *Woman's Work* for one year is as follows: To Africa, 48 cents; Brazil, 48 cents; Chili, S. A., and Canton, China, $1.20 (two copies can be sent for the same sum); other stations in China, 24 cents; East Indies (Hindustan and Siam), 60 cents; Japan, 48 cents; Mexico, 48 cents; New Granada, 24 cents; Persia and Syria, 24 cents. Postage on one copy to each missionary under the care of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions, per annum, $40. Two ladies have generously sent us $25 to be appropriated to this purpose for the coming year, and we cheerfully resume our former method of forwarding the magazine by mail, as soon as issued, to our missionaries.

MISS LORING has resumed her work among the churches, and those who desire her services in organizing new societies or reviving old ones, will please notify the President, Mrs. W. E. SCHENCK, 1334 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, as soon as practicable.

IN the October number of the magazine we shall publish a list of special objects of work to be given to societies and bands, with the amount required for each.

WE hope to begin the publication of a magazine for children this autumn, and when the plan is matured, circulars containing particulars will be sent out.

NEW AUXILIARIES AND BANDS.

Bacon Ridge, Ohio.
Labaree Miss. Band, Port Penn, Del.
Black Lick, Pa.
West Liberty, W. Va.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Barstow, Mrs. George
Bowen, Mrs. James
DaGama, Rev. John F.
DaGama, Mrs. John F.
Dascomb, Miss Mary P.
Foster, Mrs. A. W
Hardie, Miss Maggie H.
Holland, Rev. W. G.
Kuhl, Miss Ella
Lloyd, Mrs. Henry
McCurdy, Mrs. John
McGaw, Mrs. J. A. P.
Robbins, Mrs. E. V.
Woodcock, Mrs. William

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, from July 1, 1875.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

ATHENS.—Beverly Aux., Mrs. Jas. Bowen, . . . $25 00
BALTIMORE.—Baltimore, 2d Ch. sup. Missionary at Suchow, China, . . . 137 00
BELLEFONTAINE.—Urbana Aux. 30 00
BLAIRSVILLE.—Greensburg, Foster Band sup. scholarship at Ningpo, . . . 40 00
BUTLER.—Scrubgrass Aux., . 11 00
CHESTER.—Downingtown S.S. sup. Hannah Chogota, Dehra, $15; Fagg's Manor Ch., Children's Band, $4, . . 19 00
CINCINNATI.—Mt. Auburn Ch. Willing Workers, sup. Ledyard and Taylor scholarships, Dehra, . . . 120 00
CLARION.—Oil City, Young Ladies' Band, $70; Reynoldsville Aux., for Syria, $48, ... 118 00
CLEVELAND.—Memorial Ch. Aux., $100; monthly concert, $10 ($110), for Rio Claro Building, . . . 110 00
COLUMBIA.—Ashland Aux., . 3 77
COLUMBUS.—Columbus 2d Ch., Mrs. Dunn for Flora Dunn, scholarship (No. 24) Canton 30 00
DAYTON.—Troy Aux., sup. Wanetta Alvarez, Gaboon, . 30 00
ELIZABETH.—Cheerful Givers, for Miss. School, Gaboon, $30 50; Springfield, Jenny Wren Band, $20; Plainfield Anx., sup. Missionary at Allahabad, $72 75; Lamington Aux., $32 10, . . 155 35
ERIE.—Fairview Aux., for chapel of Native Preacher under Rev. D. N. Lyons, Hangchow, . . . 27 00
HUNTINGDON.—Perrysville Aux., for outfit of Missionary to Ningpo, $49 69; Spruce Creek Aux., $131 60 181 29
INDIANAPOLIS.—Indianapolis, 2d Ch. sup. Missionary at Sidon, Syria, . . . 125 00
KITTANNING.—Freeport Aux., sup. Missionary in Siam, $37 50; West Lebanon Aux. sup. scholarship Oroomiah, $35; Rayne Aux., $13; Leechburg Aux., sup. Missionary in Siam, $25; Clarksburg Anx., sup. scholarship at Kolapoor, $30; Eldersridge Aux., $25; Bethel Aux., $30; Ebenezer Aux., for Miss McFarren's school, Bogota, $18 75; Whitesburg Aux., $16 40; Boiling Spring Auxiliary, $12, ... 242 65
LACKAWANNA.—Wilkesbarre, 1st Ch., Mrs. Loop's Miss. Band sup. scholarship Kolapoor, ... 18 00

MAHONING.—Youngstown, 1st Ch. Aux., sup. scholarship in Miss Allen's school, Mexico, ... $21 55

MORRIS AND ORANGE.—Boonton, Little Miss. Band, $10; Morristown, South St. Ch., Randolph Band, $20, . 30 00

NEWARK.—South Park Ch. Aux., sup. Missionary, Canton, $84 37; Central Ch., sup. 13th St. School, Canton, $60; Caldwell Aux., sup. Nam Mung Ki School, $50; High St. Aux., sup. Missionary, Canton, $125 12; Bloomfield, 1st Ch. Aux., sup. Missionary, Canton, $106 70; Bloomfield, 1st Ch. S. S., for new Canton Sch. Building, $25 (less $35 expenses, $416 19); Park Ch., Miss. Band, sup. Yennemie, orphan at Sidon, $25, 441 19

NEW BRUNSWICK.—Second Amwell Aux., sup. scholarship Kolapoor, . . . 15 00

NORTH RIVER.—Poughkeepsie Aux., Mrs. Lewis Leroy, deceased, ... 24 00

OZARK.—Springfield Aux., . 25 00

PHILADELPHIA CENTRAL.—North Ch. Light Bearers, for furnishing New Sidon Sch. Building, . . . 10 00

PITTSBURGH AND ALLEGHENY COM.—Shady Side Aux. sup. Missionary at Futtehgurh, $56; Westminster Aux. sup. scholarship Canton, $25; Sharpsburg S. S., for New Canton School Building, $44 40; Raccoon Aux., for work under Miss Coffman, Siam, $70; Beulah Aux., sup. Missionary at Kolapoor, *gold*, $50, . . . 245 40

ROCHESTER.—Dansville Aux., sup. Missionary in Liberia, 50 00

ST. CLAIRSVILLE.—Concord Ch., sup. Biblo Reader, Lahore, ... 19 00

STEUBENVILLE.—Wellsville Aux., sup. Gobind, Native Teacher, Furrukhabad, . $20 00

TRANSYLVANIA.—Danville 2d Ch., Myra Rodes Band, . 20 00

WASHINGTON.—Washington, 1st Ch. S. S., Harvest Band, additional sup. scholarships Mynpurie, ... 6 57

WASHINGTON CITY.—N. York Ave. Ch., Ministering Children, sup. Tabitha, Dehra, *gold*, ... 50 00

WESTMINSTER.—Columbia Aux., sup. Missionary at Woodstock, $100; Lancaster Aux., bal. for sup. Native Teacher, Canton, $13, . 113 00

WEST CHESTER.—Thompsonville, Morning Star Band, sup. Alida B. Harrington, Gaboon, ... 11 25

WOOSTER.—Mansfield Ch., . 30 35

ZANESVILLE.—Jersey Aux., $4; Newark, 2d Ch. S.S., for Beirût Sem., $100; Willing Workers, Newark, $25, 129 00

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mrs. M. A. Lapsley, New Albany, Ind., $500; "R.," for Spokan Indians, *special*, $1 50; Mrs. R. R. McKee, Upper Sandusky, O., $1; Mrs. Geo. Hubbell, Phelps, N. Y., $3 20; Hollidaysburg Sem. Band, sup. Kaser, Mynpurie, $30 02; Mrs. R. Hubbard, Dayton, N. J., $5; Miss Agnes J. McAtee, Hagerstown, Md., $3; Mrs. S. Moon Hart, Titusville, N. J., $1 90; Mrs. Alonzo Banks, Pine Valley, N. Y., $10; Mrs. Wm. Crane, Bacon Springs, New Mexico, $25; Miss Ada Kinter, Brady, Pa., $14 50; Mrs. Martha Baldwin, Tioga, Pa., add'l. sup. orphan, Japan, $10; "Mrs. Nassau Band," Pa. Female College, Pittsburgh, $9 80; Semi-annual interest on Charlotte Draper Fund, $35 10, . . . 650 02

Total Receipts, July, 1875, $3,334 39

For Postage on *Woman's Work* to Missionaries, Mrs. C. E. Salmon, Fulton, N. Y., $20; Mrs. J. R. Rolph, Huntington, N. Y., $5 ($25).

MRS. J. M. FISHBURN, *Treasurer*,
1334 Chestnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, August 2, 1875.

Our Little Workers.

IN A ZENANA.

Do you know what a zenana is, dear young reader? You have heard the name before, no doubt. It means simply the *woman's part* of a house in India. The women, and girls too, of the higher classes of the Hindoos, are kept by themselves in one part of a house, so that they may not be seen by any men outside of their own family. Very often there are several families in one house; the sons all live with their fathers, and their children make quite a large party. Our missionary ladies tell the women and children of the zenanas about Jesus, and this is what Miss Hardie writes of her first visit to one of them:

"I must tell you about the first zenana I have visited, in company with Miss Blunt. The women were of the caste called '*cluri walla's*,' or cloth merchants, and quite wealthy. We went in through a narrow dirty alley or hall, into an open court, where the men sell the goods, up a steep winding stone stairway into a sort of open court above where we found about fifteen women seated on the floor, on a sort of gay rug or carpet. They had chairs set for us, and welcomed us very kindly, and all rose to make salâms. The women were gorgeously dressed. I never saw so much jewelry in my life. On one arm of a woman I counted twenty armlets, and on the other fifteen, besides anklets, nose rings, ear rings, toe rings and jewels on her brow. They wear very full, short skirts, and the *chudder* of silk Some of them were pretty, but all had a low, depraved look. They seemed very curious about us, and asked many questions.

"I had watched a young looking woman sitting a little apart from the rest, handsomely dressed, but with a sad, downcast look. I was told she was married to her husband when a little child, and when she became lame, he rejected her and took her sister, who is a gay, pleasant girl. The husband supports them both and they

say treats them kindly for a heathen, but the first wife seems unhappy. Miss Blunt sang a hymn and then read the story of the flood, explaining and illustrating from large colored pictures. They seemed much interested, though at times they would interrupt with silly questions. Fruit and sweetmeats were brought in and placed on a low table before us, and when we left, a boy carried it down and put it into the *gàri*. There were fifteen women there when we went in, but I counted thirty-five before we came away."

ON THE GRAND CANAL IN CHINA.

If you were to go to China you would not find railroad cars to take you all through the country. The Chinese do much of their travelling by water (in fact, many of them live in boats), and as there are not rivers enough on which they may go to all the important parts of the country, they have made canals, and use them instead. One of these canals is a very old one. It is said to have been built six hundred years ago, and to have taken many thousand men to build it. This is the Grand Canal, or, as the Chinese call it, the "Emperor's Rice Canal," because it is the old route by which the tribute of rice from the inland provinces was forwarded to Pekin.

CHINESE FISHING.

If you were to come in sight of this canal, you would see boats of all sizes and descriptions upon it. Many of these are fishing boats, and you would be much interested in the different ways the men have of catching the fish. A missionary lady who was travelling on this canal says:

"In one boat a man was fishing with a long basket made of straw, in the shape of a cylinder, to which he tied a twine string and cast it out into the water. Others used large nets, and we saw too, several boats in which were numbers of the unsightly black cormorants that the Chinese train to fish for them. Their masters take them to the side of the boat, fasten a ring around the throat of each bird to prevent its swallowing the fish it may catch, and then let them

loose in the water, under which they dive rapidly and chase the fish. When a bird rises with a fish and swims near to the boat, the fisherman puts a pole under it to which it clings, is thrown over in the boat, and the fish taken from its mouth. So well trained are these birds that it is said they seldom go with a fish to any boat but that of their own masters, whom they seem to know perfectly.

"The fish traps which are so often seen on the canals, are curious affairs. They are made of bamboo palings, driven down into the mud of the canal, an opening being left on either side for boats to pass. Across this opening, short flexible bamboo stakes are driven, which allow no chance for fish to escape, but bend when a boat crosses, grating with a harsh sound against the bottom. Hand nets and baskets hang on top of the palings, in which the fish are scooped up from the trap."

WATER NUT GARDENS.

You would see on this Grand Canal, besides the boats and the fishermen, the *water nut gardens.* That is, you would see at many places a green-leaved plant floating on the water, with poles standing around it to protect it. This is the water nut, which the Chinese think a great delicacy, and which many of our missionaries like too, when it is grated and fried in batter.

Perhaps some of our little workers will sometime go to China and help our missionaries in carrying the Bible to the cities and villages along this old canal, and to the people on it. Then they can see all we have spoken of, and very many other interesting things. They will be sorry to see the hundreds of temples where, all through the country, the people come to worship false gods. Yes, they would see thousands and thousands of people bringing their rice and other offerings to place before idols of wood and stone, and only a very few who know anything about the true God. And our God has said, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." Let us send just as many Bibles, and just as many teachers as we can to tell them of our dear Saviour who died for us and for them!

W. P. B. M.

Northwestern Department.

INDIA.

Miss H. J. Morrison.

. . . Since I last wrote, Mrs. Janvier and I have been itinerating for a short while. For some years Mrs. J. had had a strong desire to testify for Christ at the very *mela*, where ten years ago her husband was killed by a *sikh* fanatic. As she thought this year would probably be her last in India, she decided to go to the *mela* if I went with her. Before telling you anything about the *mela* or our journey, I'll say something about the *sikhs* who assemble there. The work *sikh* literally means a "disciple." The *sikhs* are disciples of a great *guru* or religious teacher named Nanak. He tried to reform the Hindu religion. He had evidently read the Gospels, for he has borrowed a great many ideas from the teachings of Jesus, and instituted a rite similar to that of baptism. This rite is generally administered in Amrister, where the *sikhs* have a sacred tank, and in the middle of it a temple called the Golden Temple. After this initiatory rite has been performed on any one, the newly made *sikh* drinks something out of a cup from which all the *sikhs* present have drunk. This rite seems to be a feeble imitation of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper.

When Nanak was dying, it is said that some of his disciples asked him who would be their next *guru* or religious guide; he replied that "Wherever two or three of my disciples are assembled, there will I be in their midst." Notwithstanding this, after Nanak's death several other *gurus* did arise, the greatest of whom was Govind Singh. At Anandpur there is a well where *guru* Govind once sat and rested himself. From this circumstance the well was called Anandpur, or the abode of rest. *Sikhs* from all parts of the Punjáb

come to worship this well, and thus the great Anandpur *mela* is kept up. This *mela* generally begins about the first week of March, which is a pleasant time for travelling in this part of the country.

We left Sabathu on Monday morning, and travelled the whole day. Our road wound round picturesque hills and went down into beautiful valleys watered by mountain streams. After journeying all day, we stopped for the night in a house built for the accommodation of European travellers, by a native prince, through whose territory we were passing. Early the next morning we recommenced our journey, and after travelling a few hours we arrived at the city where this hill raja lived. His palace was built on the top of a hill, and the city lay down the sides and at the foot. Just outside was a grove, in which stood the house intended for the accommodation of Europeans. We spent a whole day in that place, for two girls who were once in Mrs. J.'s school and had married were living there We of course went to see them and tried to get a number of women to talk with, but as soon as we began talking to the women the men would insist on coming also, and although we were Presbyterians, we were obliged to preach to men as well as women.

On our return from the *mela* we stopped at this same place for two days, and talked to companies of men and women in several different parts of the city. Once we succeeded in getting a small congregation of women only, but while we were talking to them some men came. We told them that we wished to have a quiet talk with the women alone, so they went away, but after a short time returned bringing with them a Brahmin, who they said was a very learned pundit, and wished very much to hear the account we had read about the birth of Jesus Christ. As the men seemed so earnest and were most polite to us, we felt that we could not refuse to tell them the "good news" simply because they were *men;* so we allowed them to sit down and listen also. The learned pundit evidently wanted to display his great learning, and lead us poor women into metaphysical discussions. The simplicity of the gospel was to him a stumbling block, but we felt that some of the ignorant people who were listening to us really seemed to be impressed by what they heard. At one place we were quite sur-

prised at the clear, correct ideas a poor sweeper had of the plan of salvation. We asked him if he had ever heard this "good news" before, and he assured us he had not. After leaving this last-mentioned place, we went to a city called Kutpur. There is a temple of Govind Singh in that city also, and the pilgrims generally spend two or three days there, and then go on to Anandpur.

In order to be among the people, we hired a native dwelling in the city, and lived there like natives. We made the acquaintance of several of our neighbors, a few hours after getting settled in our quarters. We were not allowed to live in the city long however, for as soon as the police officer, who always comes to keep order at the *mela*, found that two European ladies had gone into the city, he called on us and begged us to come into one of his tents. The next morning we breakfasted with him, and found that he and some of our native Christians had pitched their tents in a beautiful grove. We found it was a very good place for us to work in, for groups of pilgrims were scattered all through the grove. One of our native Christians took us to a group of people, among whom were his own heathen relations. The people listened very attentively to what we had to say, and sometimes men would ask us to come over to their quarters and read to their women.

Opposite the grove was a high hill, and on the top the temple to which the people brought their offerings. A long flight of stone steps leads up to the top of the hill, and there is the entrance into the temple. I went to the top with the police officer, and had a beautiful view of the surrounding country. Sometimes a pilgrim vows that he will ascend and descend this flight of steps a certain number of times as an act of great merit. Towards evening our friend took us on an elephant to Anandpur, where we spent a quiet Sunday. Our native helpers arrived in the evening, and we all had a prayer meeting together. On the very spot where Mr. Janvier was struck by one of these fanatical *sikhs*, the government has built a house for the accommodation of the police officers, who come to keep order at the *mela*. Two gentlemen were there this year, but they both went into tents and insisted upon our occupying the bungalow. Seven native preachers had come

to the *mela* to preach and sell books. Two of these men had lived in that region as *sadhus* or holy men. They were daily visited by people who had been their brother *gurus*. One of these Christians took us to a *dharmsala* (or place for travellers), where people of his former caste were stopping. There we had an excellent opportunity of talking to the women. We found one hill woman who could read, and was evidently much interested in the story of the Cross. The next day we went to the same place again, and questioned this woman to see if any truth had lodged in her heart, and were very much encouraged with the clear way in which she explained the plan of salvation, even before some men who were angry that she paid so much attention to our teaching. One of these fakirs broke out while she was talking to us, and said in very angry tones, "These people are always talking about a mediator, they don't seem to know anything else." . . .

As a general rule we found women far more unterested auditors than men, because they have been accustomed to regard themselves as merely animals, having no souls; and for this reason we often welcomed the advent of a man with whom we could talk as with a rational being. However, we did occasionally meet with an intelligent woman. While talking to the pilgrims on their way to the well, a woman was introduced to us who could read, and who, the people said, would talk with us. She was a widow, and said her husband was a *sardar* or chief. The next day she called on us in our house, and brought with her another learned sister who could read also. Several men came with them, and we had an excellent opportunity of expounding the Scriptures to them. After we had had a long talk, the widow gave us her name and address, and invited us to come and see her in her own home. A goldsmith who lives in Anandpur, also called and wanted us to promise that the next time we came we would write him a line and he would get a beautiful house in the city for us. These evidences of the good will of the natives towards us were very encouraging, and we left Anandpur feeling that the Lord had been with us and enabled us to sow much precious seed, which would some day bear fruit. . . .

DAKOTA TERRITORY.

Miss Calhoun.

The river is over its banks, and many are thus driven from their houses up nearer the ageney, where they are living in tents. This brings them near where we can visit them more. Mr. Williamson is pastor here, but he is doing the work of two or three men. He is agent for 300 Indians who have takeu elaims and are eitizens of the United States, and are the only Indians who have made themselves citizens. They live 300 miles from here, and he visits them several times a year, going by stage, which takes four days hard travel. He is also editor of our little "Japi Oaye" monthly, and receives many letters from Indians seattered over Minnesota, Dakota and farther up the Missouri. . . . These people are as helpless children. Many have learned to aequit themselves like men, but they are the younger ones; the old must die as helpless as they were brought up, being too old to learn. . . . All the girls, and old and young women who cannot read, or have had no Bible instruction, are in my Sunday-school elass. As they have no idea of of God or of sin, I have for some time been teaching them about the creation, and man's fall and subsequent sinfulness. I hope that they will learn that they are sinners, and then it will be delightful to teach them of Jesus our Saviour. . . .

We have the first five books, Psalms, Proverbs and the Prophets, with the New Testament, now in book form. The Indians had no written language till it was made by missionaries, and consequently they have only religious literature, and so little of that, that they read it a great deal. . . . Sinee Mr. Williamson is gone, I think the Dakota elders earry on the work well; they talk of religion from their hearts and as known by experienee.

Sinee Ralph's death there has been no one to play the organ in Mr. Williamson's absenee, till in the last three weeks another young man has tried and sueeeeded very well; he plays by ear.

Our women's meetings the last few weeks have averaged a dozen persons. The one last Monday, P. M., was led by one of the Dakotas. We have encouragements, yet we work more by faith than by sight.

Home Work

PRAYING AND LIVING.

Your excellent little monthly is a welcome visitor to our home. I read it with much interest, and I trust not wholly without benefit. It seems to me that no Christian can fail to be benefited by its careful and prayerful perusal. I was much interested in an article in the April number on praying and giving, the more so probably, as this subject, or rather that of praying and *living*, had occupied my thoughts of late, brought before my mind by the last two lines of the hymn,

> "And help us Lord, day after day,
> To live more nearly as we pray."

Do Christians generally live as they pray? Judging from results are we not compelled to answer the question in the negative? Had Christians during the past history of the church lived as they prayed, a very different aspect would this world present from what it does to-day. If the Christians of America would now begin to live more nearly as they pray, we should soon see a marked change in the moral and religious atmosphere of our country. We should see drinking saloons closed, drunkards reformed and converted, homes of wretchedness and want made prosperous and happy, crushed hearts would be healed, wanderers from Christ's flock return to the fold, vice and crime rapidly diminish, while virtue and happiness and peace would as rapidly increase. Nor would the influence of such living stop here. It would leap the seas, with the gospel on its wings, carrying light and salvation to the imprisoned souls in heathen lands. It would carry joy and gladness to the hearts of our noble and self-denying missionary sisters. Their earnest appeal for help would no longer be unheeded, but a noble army of missionaries would speedily respond to the call. Fields, white for the harvest, would no longer perish for want of reapers, for the church would no longer lack the means to send the laborers forth. If Christians live as they pray, they will make the

necessary effort to hasten the accomplishment of the object for which they pray. When Christians thus pray "Thy kingdom come," they will not go from their closets, and spend upon the unnecessary adornment of their persons, upon useless and harmful indulgences, upon luxuries which contribute neither to health, comfort or happiness, that which God rightfully claims for the replenishing of His treasury. Nay more, they will be ready to sacrifice to some extent the requirements of a refined taste and demands of fashionable life, that they may contribute the more largely to that great agency which is to redeem the world. Are we, the professedly Christian women of America, meeting in our daily life, in our relations to society and to the world, the requirements of our self-denying Master? This question we must each answer for ourselves. May we do it as an enlightened conscience dictates, and order our lives accordingly!

A Sister.

We thank our "sister" for her word of encouragement, and trust the number of those who welcome our magazine to their homes may steadily increase month by month, and that every reader may find herself strengthened by its perusal, for the great work our Master calls us to do.

THE FAREWELL RECEPTION.

In the lecture-room of the Second Presbyterian Church of Chicago, on the evening of Tuesday, July 27th, some friends of missions gathered for meeting and parting with two newly appointed missionaries, Miss Poage and Miss Bassett, who sailed for Persia, the scene of their future work, on the 7th of August.

Short addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Wilkes, of Montreal, Canada, the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, and the Rev. Mr. Gibson, of Chicago, and praise and prayer were offered. The hearts of all present were filled with a strong and tender interest in these two who were going to a distant land, about their Master's business.

They are sent out under the care of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions for the Northwest, in the hope that the Lord has a

great work for them to do in furthering the evangelization of the world, in carrying the light of the gospel to those who sit in darkness.

Are there no more of the young women of this great Northwest ready to follow these to Persia, to India, to Japan, as these follow the Master in self-denying, in cross-bearing, in giving *all* for the sake of sin-burdened souls?

The more carefully you have been trained and educated, the higher your culture, the fitter are you to work in the Master's vineyard. Behold the ripened harvest fields awaiting you!

WHY IS IT?

We recently heard a returned missionary say, "Oh, if I could find some one who would go with me when I return to my work!" The inquiry then arises, why is it that so few are willing to go as missionaries? Why is it, when, by His providences, Christ is saying to the Christian women of to-day, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest?" "Go ye also into the vineyard!" The doors of those who hitherto were prisoners in their homes and bound in moral darkness have been opened, and we are not only permitted to look within and see their degraded condition and great need of salvation, but we hear that they are ready and anxious to receive among them those who carry the Word of Life. And the constant cry from those in the field is, "Send us more help!" The few faithful ones there faint and break down, because the work is great and the laborers so few. In many places the difficulties which stood in the way of spreading the gospel have been removed, and now what hinders the church from going up and possessing the land? What but our indifference to the cause of Christ? Our lack of whole-hearted consecration to Him? A consecration which would cause us not only to give largely of the means God has put in our hands, but which would enable us from the depths of our hearts to say, "Lord, I am Thine; use me in any way that may glorify Thy name."

Among our readers are there not some who are willing thus to consecrate themselves, and prove their devotion to Christ by saying, "Here am I, send me?" You who now stand on the threshold of womanhood and are beginning to realize that life is not a dream, but a serious reality—that God has made you for His glory—will you not so devote yourselves to His cause that you can cheerfully leave father and mother, and all the pleasures which hang around that dearest of all places, home, and go out "not knowing whither," except that you go with Jesus and His message of love to those who must perish without it? Surely, if we realize as we ought how great was His love to us when He came from heaven, not only to proclaim salvation but to purchase it with His blood, we shall be more ready to make sacrifices to advance His kingdom in the world. May the Lord awaken us to a true sense of our obligations to Him, and increase our faith and love, so that we may "gladly spend and be spent in His service!"

A. J. W.

RAYS OF LIGHT FOR THE YOUNGER ONES.

My Dear Nellie:— . . . Your missionary society is organized, no doubt, as you hoped. I think it would have been delightful if the young people could have brought their gifts on Christmas eve. You know you wrote that you hoped to form the society after Christmas. I have only spoken of this because I have never known of any one setting apart a portion, as God had blessed him, for the cause of the Saviour on His birthday, so called. We do not treat our earthly friends in that way on their birthdays. I wish that in every family, especially, a stocking might be hung up on Christmas eve for the Saviour's birthday gifts. To the little children I fancy it would make giving to the mission work which is so far, far away, seem more real. The wise men have set us the example of doing homage to our King by bestowing upon Him gifts, and among them was gold.

In one of my letters, I spoke of our going out into the villages twenty-six miles from here. Julia the Bible-woman and I went

into the houses of some of the people and sat a long time with the women. I saw them just as they are at home. The very poorest women wear ornaments. The women of India are just like the women of other countries, fond of ornament. I think you will agree with me that these ornaments which I have sent you are no more ridiculous than some of the fashions adopted by Christian women. I wish the noble Christian women of America could see the condition of the women here; for it is so very deplorable even at the best, that I am sure they would feel moved to make still greater effort than they have already done for our sisters here. As soon as a missionary from America touches the shores of India, he is struck with a sudden impulse to reach out his hands towards his native land and exclaim, "Give *more!*" We have taken pains to see them in their lowest state. One cannot be fastidious in the Master's work. Yesterday a Hindu came thirty-six miles to inquire about the religion of Christ, for he said his own did not satisfy him. We felt very happy. It was just at eventime. We were tired. We felt as if God had spoken to us through him that we need not weary in His work.

. . . T. thinks he would prefer the hills to the plains. The mountains are sublimely beautiful, but the gorges are frightful.

With the old love, I am affectionately yours, always,

M.

HAVE YOU DONE IT?

Our Home Secretary in her Annual Report recommended the appointment of a new officer in each of our auxiliaries, to take charge of the subscription list of *Woman's Work for Woman* and attend to all matters connected therewith. From the increased number of subscribers we are led to hope that the suggestion has been acted upon in not a few of our churches. Yet there are scores who scarcely know of our existence, possibly some who are members of missionary societies. Is it not obviously the duty of some one to attend to this matter? Let the officer be appointed, and every woman in each congregation be at least invited to become a subscriber to our monthly. We have at all times specimen num-

bers at our room, 48 McCormick Block, and shall be most happy to furnish them on application.

OUR PRAYER MEETING.

Our Monthly Missionary Prayer Meeting is fairly inaugurated. A well-filled room was the response to the invitation given for our second "assembling of ourselves together," to join in earnest supplication for the success of foreign missions and the extension of that spirit with which Christ would have every disciple imbued. We cordially invite our sisters interested in this great subject, or those who desire to be, to meet with us—especially strangers who may be in the city at that time. These meetings are held on the third Tuesday of each month at 10 A. M., 48 McCormick Block. One hour. The special subject or field for consideration—the one designated for the month by the General Assembly.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR THE CENTENNIAL?

A Christian worker in the vicinity of Philadelphia writes:—"I think that the efforts and gifts of Christians should be in the interests of Christ's kingdom. Would not this be the surest way to promote and establish the best interests of humanity? Why not have a Centennial envelope, and drop into it now and then the result of our economy, good management or self-denial? All for the Master and the spread of His gospel."

We will be greatly obliged to the officers of Bands and Circles if they will send to us for publication any interesting items connected with their working, new ways of raising money, &c. We desire to make this department of our monthly of real service to our younger ones, and look to the more experienced among them for help.

NEW AUXILIARIES.

Thorntown, Ind.
Bement, Ill., "The Gleaners."
Fulton, Ill.
Mendota, Ill.
Big Grove, Iowa.
Beaver Dam, Wis.
Brodhead, Wis.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Mr. Don A. Matthews.
Mrs. John Armitage.
Mrs. S. E. Barr.
Mrs. Mary T. Gilpin.
Mrs. J. G. Lamb.
Miss Mary Jewett (Persia).
Mrs. H. C. Wheeler.
Mrs. E. M. Warner.

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest, for July, 1875.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Aux. Soc. of Fem. Sem., for school Ningpo, China,	$30 02
Woodhull, Ill., sup. of Julia at Dehra Doon, India,	45 00
Three Rivers, Mich., sup. of child in Mrs. Wilder's sch., Kolapoor, India,	41 00
Big Grove, Iowa,	5 00
Chicago, Ill., 6th Ch., for Mrs. J. M. W. Farnham, Shanghai,	15 00
Special gift, Chicago,	3 00
Elkhart, Ind., W. M. S.,	25 00
Denver, Colorado, W. M. S.,	30 00
Hudson, Ind., Class No. 3 in Union S. S., for Tsoon Ghi, in Miss Downing's school, Cbina,	5 00
Alton, Ill., sup. of Aglanie, a Bible-reader, in Mynpuric, $30; and support of Bible woman, $14,	44 00
Detroit, Mich., Richardson Band of 1st Church, sup. of children in China, India, Persia and Japan (in gold),	140 00
Peoria, Ill., for Dehra Doon school,	55 35
East Hopewell, O., Aux. Soc.,	19 50
Grand Rapids, Mich., Jessup Mission Band,	10 00
Hanover, Ind., W. M. S., for rebuilding Canton schoolhouse,	25 00
Hopkinton, Iowa, Miss. Band, Peace Makers, $10; W. M. S., $27 32,	37 32
Evanston, Ill.. W. M. S.,	$65 00
Freeport, Ill., 2d Ch., sup. of Bible-reader in Miss Jewett's school, Persia,	30 00
Vinton, Iowa, Pres. Ch., for Miss Jewett, $75; W. M. S., for Miss M. Pratt, $50,	125 00
Fenton, Mich., W. M. S., $6 21; Little Helpers Miss. Band, for Teheran, $3 54,	9 75
Chicago, Ill., 1st Church, for Miss Morrison,	30 00
Freeport, Ill., 1st and 3d Chs., for Miss Jewett's school at Tabreez,	25 00
Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Jewett Band, $10; Mission Workers of Big Spring, $1 40,	11 40
Eugene City, Oregon,	5 00
Blairstown, Iowa, for Repva of Gawar, Persia,	24 00
Waukegan, Ill., Young Ladies Miss. Band, rebuilding sch. at Canton,	10 00
Joliet, Ill., 1st Ch., for school at Brotas, Brazil,	20 00
Oregon, Mo., Rev. Mrs. J. S. McClung,	5 00
Lake Forest, Illinois, Steady Stream, $22 96; W. M. S., $25,	47 96
Premium on gold draft,	19 60
Monroe, Mich., W. M. S.,	10 00
Wyoming, Iowa, for boys' school in Zeren, Persia,	27 36
Total,	$995 26

MRS. JESSE WHITEHEAD, *Treasurer*,
223 Michigan Avenue.

CHICAGO, August 1, 1875.